WOMEN'S MIDDLE EAST PEACE EFFORTS

LEVEL ONE

LILITH

THE JEWISH WOMEN'S MAGAZINE VOL. 14 NO. 1 WINTER 1989/5749 $3.50

Our Radical Jewish Foremothers

Sharon Norry

The ceremonial arts of Sharon Norry, a textile artist in Rochester, New York, are commissioned by synagogues and individuals, and have been displayed in museum collections in Los Angeles, San Francisco and Philadelphia. Norry says, "I feel that the work should speak for itself. What I try to do in my designs is abstract the visual imagery so that the person viewing it is required to bring something of herself to the interpretation. This Jewish experience we share is multi-faceted, and not at all facile. I hope my work is a point where introspection begins, not where answers are given."

Shown here are two of Norry's pieces: a needlepoint Torah cover done in Sephardic style and a woman's woven *tallit* (large enough to nurse a baby under).

Winter 1989/5749

THE PREPARED TABLE*

Lilith Number 22

8
RADICAL JEWISH WOMEN: RECLAIMING OUR LEGACY
by Janet Zandy
Finding role models — from the turn of the century to last week — in Jewish women who have tried to change the world.

14
TURNING
A new poem by Adrienne Rich.

16
DEATH, BY THE LIVING
by Betsy Kaplan
A group of women take on the ritual responsibilities of preparing women's bodies for burial according to Jewish law and custom. Why, what they did, and how the experience changed them.

Cover illustration by Dena Schutzer

18
CAN WOMEN'S TALK BRING MIDEAST PEACE?
by Lilly Rivlin
Warily and wearily, a Jerusalem-born American Zionist reveals the details of a decade of one-on-one dialogue with Palestinian, Egyptian and other Arab women.

21
HOW THE *INTIFADA* EMPOWERS PALESTINIAN WOMEN
by Reena Bernards
More than twenty years of occupation and a year of the uprising in Israel have helped the women of the West Bank shake off some patriarchal yokes even as they are trying to shake loose politically.

24
COUNTERTRANSFERENCE
by Michele Bograd
When a feminist psychotherapist faces her own Jewish identity as she treats Jewish patients.

26
IN GRANDMA'S HOUSE
by Toby Joan Rosenstrauch
The secret cupboards and crannies — and the secret habits — that exert their magical pull on every visit.

2
FROM THE EDITOR

2
THANKS TO LILITH'S SUPPORTERS

3
LINES OF COMMUNICATION

4
KOL ISHAH
News of Jewish women's activities around the world. Note especially the listing of Jewish-sponsored shelters and programs to aid the homeless.

6
LILITH REVIEWS
A made-for-Disney film about Jewish-Christian best-friendship during the Holocaust, and a newly discovered collection of poems and essays.

31
LILITH MARKETPLACE

32
TSENA-RENA
LILITH's invaluable resource pages — where to go for what if you're Jewish and female.

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LILITH is named for the legendary predecessor of Eve who insisted on equality with Adam: *"After the Holy One created the first human being, Adam, He created a woman, also from the earth, and called her 'Lilith.' Lilith said, 'We are equal because we both come from the earth.'"* (from *The Alphabet of Ben Sira, 23a-b)*

**THE PREPARED TABLE* takes its title from the English translation of *Shulchan Aruch,* which has long served as the authoritative code of Jewish behavior according to *halacha* (Jewish law). As Jewish feminists continue to rediscover and rework tradition, custom and practice, a new egalitarian Prepared Table will emerge. We list here selections from this evolving Prepared Table.

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FROM THE EDITOR

Since the publication of LILITH's first issue in 1976, our goal has been to present what we called in the editorial of that premier issue a "smorgasbord" of articles (such a woman's image of setting out a groaning board of food!). In the issue you are holding now, which marks LILITH's Bat Mitzvah year, we found ourselves with articles more political in orientation than ever before. The smorgasbord, at least right now, looks a little different – with somewhat different flavors – than it has in the past.

There are certain important reasons for this. Recent political events in North America and Israel raise urgent questions for all women, and for Jewish women in particular. In the United States, a new Administration indicates that reproductive freedoms will be challenged, meaning that for Jewish women – who, even if strictly observant of Jewish law would approve of abortion when the life of the mother is threatened – will not be able to follow the dictates of their conscience or of Jewish law. In Canada, many advocates of reproductive rights were unseated in the recent Parliamentary elections.

In Israel, the situation regarding "Who is a Jew?" affects women especially, since it is women still, under most interpretations of Jewish law, who determine the religious identity of their children. Conversions, the status of children, the ability of women to be seen as full Jews – these cast whole areas of women's lives under a shadow, opening our lives to suspicions, questions, verifications, and justifications to right-wing rabbis who do not see life from women's perspectives, to say the least.

What to do? In this issue we limn the lives of the radical Jewish women who devoted themselves to social change. From them we can learn the courage to challenge the injustice of women being closed out of many areas of secular and religious decision-making. From Lilly Rivlin and Reena Bernards, who examine the possibilities of women's changing the political balance in the Middle East, we learn to tilt the prism a little and see old situations in a new light.

To take our political awareness into an arena larger than that of our own minds, we need coalitions now more than ever before. We need to link ourselves with women of other faith groups, and, of crucial importance, we need wall-to-wall coalitions within Jewish life to ensure a larger voice on women's issues. To help us advocate for a greater understanding of women's positions, we need allies urgently.

This current issue of LILITH gives you, we hope, tools to use in that venture.

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LINES OF COMMUNICATION

JEW-BY-CHOICE RAPS "JAP"-BAITING

To the Editor:
I want to thank you for LILITH and especially for the issue on "JAP"-baiting [Fall 1987].

I'm a fairly new (two-and-a-half years) Jew-by-choice. I've had to put up with "JAP" jokes and veiled anti-Semitism from the time I made my choice public. One "friend" even gifted me with a "JAP" tape – the life of little Judy-Ann Perlman, whose first words were "Goo-goo-ga-ga-Master Card." Need I further elaborate?

This magazine has been a true blessing in my life. [It has] given me the confidence to do things that I would not have dared do on my own. For example, I wear a *kippah* and a *tallit*. The *tallit* was a Chanukah gift, both from my husband and my rabbi – two very enlightened and supportive men.

Shalom and Aloha!

Michal R. Grotstein
Honolulu, Hawaii

U. OF MIAMI HILLEL OBJECTS

To the Editor:
We found your articles on "JAP"-baiting to be of particular interest. It is an issue of major importance; your articles dealt with the subject in a non-inflammatory and constructive manner.

There is, however, one issue which did arise from the article by Sherry Chayat that is of concern to us at the University of Miami's Hillel. According to the article, UM is considered, "one of the East Coast Colleges referred to as the Oy Vey League" where "young women are teased, mocked and baited for looking and acting a certain way."

Those of us who work daily with the students and staff at the university found nothing to warrant such a designation. Although "JAP"-baiting occurs on campus, we have not found it happening anywhere near the extent that it occurs at Syracuse University and other campuses.

We are concerned that this unsubstantiated designation has only served to inflame the University of Miami.

Rabbi Louis Feldstein
Linda Lazere Levin
Hillel, University of Miami
Coral Gables, Florida

Sherry Chayat responds: *During my interviews with young people at many different colleges, the description of "Oy Vey League" was used to refer to schools where the proportion of Jewish students is large enough so that they will not encounter prejudice against minorities often associated with the Ivy League schools.*

I'm glad to know that young women at the University of Miami are not teased and baited "to a sufficient degree." But that "JAP"-baiting occurs to any degree is troubling enough.

FEMALE RABBIS IN ISRAEL

To the Editor:
I was surprised to read in Alice Shalvi's article [Summer 1988] that "Israel has no women rabbis." I serve as rabbi of Kehillat Ramat Aviv and have been living here since 1983!

In addition to myself, Rabbi Gail Schuster Bouskila has been here since 1978; Rabbi Karyn Kedar serves as associate rabbi of Congregation Har El in Jerusalem since 1987, and Rabbi Sue Shifron just arrived as a new immigrant. There are also two female rabbinical students studying at the Hebrew Union College-Jewish Institute of Religion in Jerusalem.

Rabbi Kinneret Shiryon
Tel Aviv, Israel

Editor's Note: Alice Shalvi was referring to the fact that the Israeli Chief Rabbinate does not recognize women as rabbis.

CHANGING SEXIST LANGUAGE

To the Editor:
Not long ago, I sent you an excerpt from the United Synagogue of America [USA] Yearbook wherein references to rabbis and executive directors were all in the male gender. I also included a letter I wrote to the USA, asking that it change this practice since women are now ordained as Conservative rabbis, and there are many fine female executive directors of synagogues.

Well, the USA's Committee on Congregational Standard unanimously passed my suggestion of removing all sexist language in its publications!

Sherrill Kushner
Santa Monica, California

CORRECTIONS

Due to an editing error in the Fall 1988 [#21] issue of LILITH, Debbie Friedman's spiritual moment was not printed in its entirety. It should have read:

To me spirituality is ever present. It is not an isolated moment or experience, rather a conscious awareness that in everything we see or do or feel there is a presence, there is a holiness. The challenge, as I experience it, is to move beyond the distractions of everyday life, to peel them away so as to be able to arrive at the essence and fully allow ourselves to *know* what we have programmed ourselves not to know: That not only is all of experience filled with holiness but that we, by the very fact of our existence, are also filled with holiness. The idea of a spiritual "moment" is not something I relate to. The confrontation with death and the acceptance of our aloneness are two factors which have freed me to incorporate my spiritual consciousness into my life. For me there is no separation between spirituality and living. Spirituality is at the core of all that is.

The caption on the photograph on page 4 of the Fall 1988 [#21] issue of LILITH should have read "Barbara Fedderman."

Due to a printer's error, the artist's credit was omitted from the drawings on pages 25 and 26 in the Fall 1988 [#21] issue. Deborah Barrett is the artist.

Thank-You

LILITH thanks the following for their technical assistance: Laura A. Cohen, Susan Guttman, Doreen Hermelin, Sharon Lieberman, Allison Lowenstein, Rebecca Marcus, Betty Miller, Steven F. Pares, Natalie Pelavin, Seth Salpeter, Yael Schneider, Susan Sherr, Emily Taitz, Diane Wiener

KOL ISHAH – "WOMAN'S VOICE." TRADITIONALLY, THE VOICE OF THE JEWISH WOMAN WAS NOT TO BE HEARD IN PUBLIC, LEST IT AROUSE MEN. NO MORE. THESE PAGES ARE FOR NEWS ABOUT JEWISH WOMEN, USUALLY IN THEIR OWN STRONG VOICES.

KOL ISHAH

Rudolf Dietrich

Rachel Salamander exhibiting her literature in the Munich bookstore she owns.

WOMAN RUNS JEWISH BOOKSTORE IN MUNICH

A successful Jewish bookstore is thriving in – of all places – Munich, West Germany. Operated by Rachel Salamander, a child of Holocaust survivors who was born in a displaced persons' camp in Bavaria and grew up in Munich, the Literaturhandlung bookstore ranges from German translations of works by Arthur Miller and Susan Sontag, to books about the Middle East, the Holocaust, and recordings of Yiddish songs.

In a recent issue of *Publishers Weekly* (PW), Salamander says, "Most young Germans know nothing about Jewish history except the history of torture in World War Two. I hope that Literaturhandlung will help to deepen the knowledge and understanding of Jewish heritage within and beyond the Jewish community."

The store, sponsoring readings, films and musical events, attracts visitors from Munich's own 5,000 Jews, as well as Jewish visitors from other German cities and German-speaking tourists from the United States and Israel, according to Carol T. Anthony of PW.

Says Salamander, who still retains a passport that designates her as a displaced person, "To many of my customers, this store is *heimat*, a true home."

JEWISH CAUCUS FORMS AT WOMEN'S STUDIES ASSOCIATION

"We were angry that the first time Jewish issues were presented on a plenary [of the National Women's Studies Association (NWSA)], the topic was completely negative," said Mindy Sue Shapiro, National Coordinator for student programs for B'nai B'rith Hillel Foundation. To better deal with Jewish issues, Shapiro helped found the Jewish Women's Caucus of NWSA.

The group started as a task force of Jewish women in academics who responded to an NWSA session on "Anti-Semitism and the Women's Movement."

Gradually, the task force evolved into the Caucus, organizing workshops for Jewish members attending the annual NWSA conferences. The programs were designed to enhance connections with Judaism and Jewish feminist concerns.

At first, said Shapiro, there were only a handful of workshops alongside the regular conference events. But at the NWSA conference, held in June 1988 in Minneapolis, the 60-odd members of the Jewish Women's Caucus had a lot to choose from.

In addition to special Shabbat services, readings and musical performances, the Caucus' program included forums on anti-Semitism and women, Jewish law, Israeli politics, lesbianism, relations between Black and Jewish women, and the experiences of Sephardic women.

The workshops provided a place for Jewish women from around the country to meet and share ideas. "Lots of Jewish women from small towns feel really isolated and invisible," Shapiro said. "There are no Jews where they live, and the rituals haven't spoken to them. But now they are labeling themselves as Jews, reclaiming their Jewishness. My goal is to make all Jews feel good about being Jewish. It's hard work."

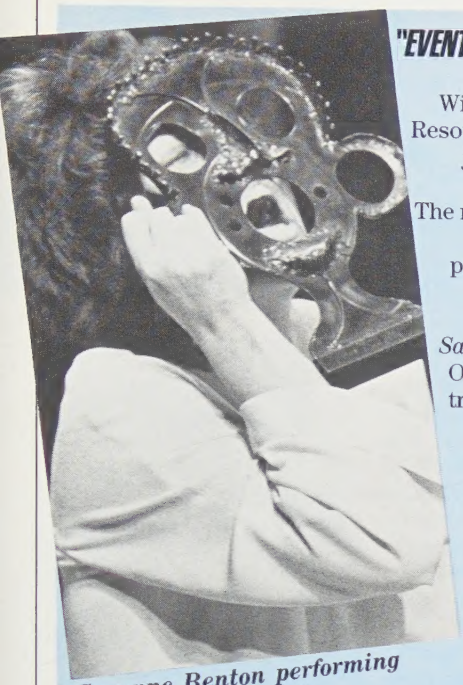
– Toby Axelrod

OBITUARIES

Henrietta Jacobson, Chicago-born star of the Yiddish theater, whose career spanned 75 years, died in New York on October 9, 1988. She was 82-years old. Jacobson was the daughter, the wife and the mother of Yiddish actors.

Evelyn Wasserstrom of Kansas City, social activist and international president of B'nai Brith Women from 1978-80, died on September 1, 1988.

"EVENT" REDISCOVERS SARAH



Suzanne Benton performing "Sarah and Hagar."

With a one-day "Sarah Event" in October, the Jewish Women's Resource Center has embarked on what planners hope will be a journey toward rediscovery and appreciation of the Jewish matriarch.

The resource center, a project of the National Council of Jewish Women, New York Section, organized an art exhibit and a program of discussion and performance on the theme of the "Sarah tradition."

The program featured a talk by Savina Teubal, author of *Sarah the Priestess: The First Matriarch of Genesis* (Athens, Ohio: Swallow Press, 1984). Teubal explained that the "Sarah tradition" represents a non-patriarchal system struggling for survival.

Suzanne Benton, a sculptor, performed the masked ritual tale of "Sarah and Hagar." Attendees also celebrated in a dance led by Melanie Hahn.

In the hope of creating a new tradition of study on this topic, the resource center is calling for scholarly works and rituals on the theme of Sarah to be submitted to their library.

Anyone who wishes to submit a work for inclusion in the Center's new bibliography on Sarah should write to the National Council of Jewish Women, New York Section, 9 East 69 St., New York, NY 10021.

A STUDY OF REFUSAL

An article by two Soviet women on the problems of refuseniks has made its way into the United States, and is now available in English through the Student Struggle for Soviet Jewry in New York.

"Psychological and Social Problems of Refusal," an article by Moscow residents Victoria Gorelickova Khassin and Marta Balashinskaya Abramovich, originally appeared in a *samizdat* (underground) Soviet publication.

Written in the first- person plural, the work describes the experience of refuseniks from the moment they decide to apply for an exit visa. Going beyond an account of confrontations with authorities, the authors look at how the decision to emigrate affects family life.

"Persuasions and threats, accusations and quarrels often begin in families, sometimes leading to a complete disruption of relations," the women wrote. "Fathers and sons, brothers and sisters become hostile strangers. Some friends, having well learned the lessons of the history of Soviet society, prefer to stop communicating with us."

The authors conclude with these wrenching questions: "Will our children ever be able to recover from the emotional experiences they have gone through? How and when will they end?"

– Toby Axelrod

(Continued on Page 29)

HELP TO THE AGED AND THEIR ADULT CHILDREN

The Spring Valley, NY granddaughter of a 103-year-old Brooklyn man, who speaks only Yiddish and still wants to live on his own, tries to find a companion to live with him.

A New York friend is concerned about an elderly Cambridge couple married for 70 years. The wife, who is too proud to ask for help, cannot afford the cab fare to visit her husband in the convalescent home where he resides. She also isn't eating properly.

"I can't keep hopping on a plane whenever I am concerned about my mother.... My job and my family can't take it," the woman in her forties laments.

Jewish adults throughout North America now have a means of helping their elderly relatives in distant cities. Elder Support Network (ESN), a service of the Association of Jewish Family and Children's Agencies, is a partnership of 72 local agencies.

Meeting a need that will only increase as more people are living longer and residing far from their mobile adult children, ESN typically receives over twenty calls a week. Via the telephone, receptionists make note of basic information and within two days the caller is contacted by a professional from the local Jewish agency where the elderly person lives. The family member and the agency professional work out a care plan.

Depending on the type of programs offered by the local agencies, help may come in the form of home delivered meals, home aides, electronic emergency monitoring systems, transportation, social programs, counseling for relatives of Alzheimer's patients, bereavement groups, placement in a convalescent home, or financial and legal help.

The Miami Beach Jewish Family Service, for example, has a program where some homebound frail elderly are called and checked on a few times a month.

There is a cost for some of the services, but a sliding fee scale is a basic part of every Jewish Family Service's philosophy of making services accessible to anyone who needs them.

"Sometimes we receive calls for information from people who just want to know what will be available to their parents in the future. We've also had calls from people about elderly relatives who are depressed or suicidal, or who suspect that their elderly parent is being abused by a relative or care giver," says Ann Mechlowitz, ESN project manager. "We are someplace to call when you don't know who to turn to."

Elder Support Network can be reached toll free: 1-800-634-7654; from Canada or New Jersey, call collect: 201-821-0397.

– Naomi Danis

ETHIOPIAN IMMIGRANTS START HANDICRAFT BUSINESS

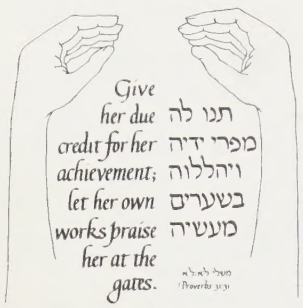
Thirty Ethiopian women who emigrated to Israel during Operation Moses in the Winter of 1984-85, are now involved in the Ethiopian Israeli Cottage Industry (EICI) Ltd., a non-profit organization which pays them to pursue their handicrafts – for a profit.

In between housework and taking care of her four children, Taganio Matoko weaves baskets made of date fronds and wrapped with colored thread. Other women embroider dresses, *challah* covers and *yarmulkes*.

Walter Harburger founded the EICI as a way to help the Ethiopian immigrants and to preserve their culture. He plans to send the Ethiopian women's works to synagogues and Jewish community centers around the world.

– Susan Nashman Fraiman

New Edition



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LILITH REVIEW

What is the Grass?
by Elsie Levitan
Available from Sholem Aleichem Club, P.O. Box 27648, Philadelphia, PA 19150, $3.50.

A number of lovers of literature have already read Elsie Levitan's work in *Jewish Currents* and other journals, but many more can now savor the tenderness, bite, astonishing imagery and cry for justice in *What Is the Grass?* This 53-page anthology of poetry and prose is large in range and theme, as well as form.

The poems move from a tribute to Yuri Suhl – gifted storyteller and historian of Jewish resistance during the Holocaust – to later atrocities in this century: the bombing of black children in Southern churches and napalmed children in Vietnam. Levitan's powerful poems also intone private sorrows and memories.

In almost every poem, the opening lines expand and deepen to a stunning crescendo. In "Mein Shtetle Brent," the images of skewed huts burning are called up as a man bends his head and softly strums a mandolin. The images swell to the ingathering of survivors of the camps, "the delirium of nationhood," and missiles trembling in the "eddies of power."

In other poems, the transformation of Israel through wars, terrorist attacks and military power are recurring themes. The poet stumbles through these changes and hauntingly, "six million pairs of eyes turn and stare in bewilderment."

In the prose selections, one essay, "The Cosmos of Isaac Bashevis Singer," offers an unconventional analysis of Singer's work. Levitan praises Singer as a master craftsman, but finds that his cosmos "hangs outside of history." His characters are mostly slaves of their sensuality, doomed to damnation after small lapses from God's laws. Freewill, compassion, and human trust give way to frenzies of madness, greed, and sexuality.

A second essay is a poetic appreciation of Jurek Becker's *Jacob the Liar,* a universe away from Singer: a doomed Jew in the Lodz Ghetto keeps hope alive by concealing the truth of deportations.

Levitan's third essay, an intriguing *midrash* on the story of the Exodus, dramatizes the courage and wit of the midwives Shifrah and Puah in circumventing Pharoah's plans for the murder of Jewish newborn male children, and Miriam's rejection of her father's (and the Sanhedrin's) plan to separate Jewish husbands from their wives in order to evade the Pharoah's decree. Levitan also pays homage to Zipporah, who cared for Moses and later married him.

Levitan also comments wryly on how women – probably led by Miriam – refused to give their jewels to make the Golden Calf. In an imaginary colloquy with God, the author reminds Him that Miriam was afflicted for a week while Aaron was punished for only a moment.

The profoundly questioning spirit animating the whole anthology is expressed in Whitman's lines, which also inspired the title: "A child said, What is the Grass?' fetching it to me with full hands. How could I answer the child? I do not know what it is any more than he."

– Nora Levin

Gale M. Adler

"A Friendship in Vienna"
Produced and shown on The Disney Channel

"A Friendship in Vienna" illuminates the courageous friendship of two thirteen-year-old girls, one Jewish and the other the daughter of a Nazi officer, during the *Anschluss* – the German annexation of Austria in 1938. This superbly written and acted film makes the subject of the Holocaust accessible to young people without overwhelming the viewer with violence and without being totally demoralizing. The story of these two girls is an inspiring example of the power of friendship and sisterhood.

The movie, shown this Fall, was filmed in Budapest, because of its likeness to pre-war Vienna. The movie vividly depicts "normal" life from the point of view of the two girls: teachers, classmates, discipline and lessons. During their circuitous walks home, they talk about the difference between right and wrong in a confusing and increasingly amoral adult world. In one scene, the Jewish Inge (played by Jenny Lewis) and the Catholic Lise (played by Kamie Harper) enact a solemn ritual of becoming "blood" sisters. We also see the girls in their laughter and play on a truant

(Continued on Page 31)

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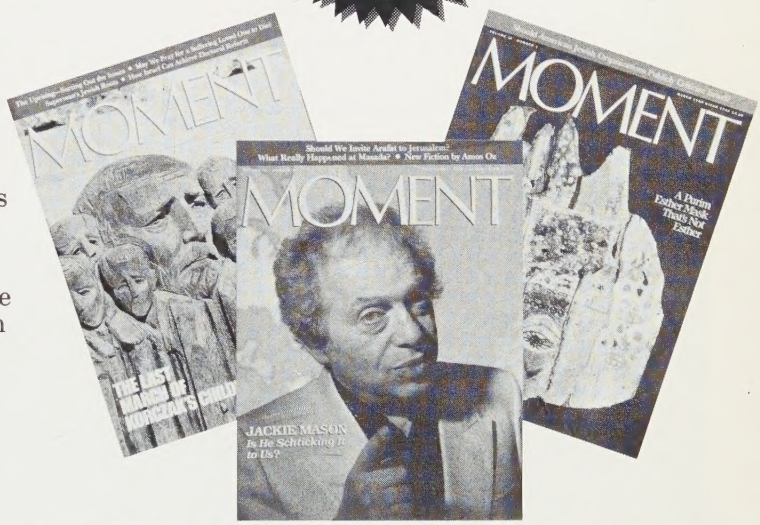
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Our True Legacy: Radical Jewish Women in America

by Janet Zandy

Ernestine Rose, Emma Goldman, Rose Schneiderman, Clara Lemlich, Rose Pastor, Rose Pesotta, Pauline Newman, Bessie Abramowitz, Theresa Malkeil, Niuta Teitelboim, Mala Zimetbaum, Hannah Senesh, Rose Lipson, Tillie Olsen, Grace Paley.

In our search for models, Jewish feminists are fortunate to have a radical history to draw on – one which takes seriously Isaiah's challenge "to loose the chains of wickedness, to undo the bonds of the yoke, and let the oppressed go free."

These radical women practiced applied spirituality and courageous disobedience. They saw their own destinies as inextricably linked with those of their communities. They were, and are, extraordinary, ordinary women.

Despite differences, what these women hold in common is an ability to see, and then act on, the gap between the ideal of justice and reality of injustice.

Ernestine Rose, the daughter of a rabbi, was born in 1810 in a Polish ghetto. She spent 30 years in America and became, along with Elizabeth Cady Stanton, Lucy Stone, and Susan B. Anthony, a founder of the Women's Rights Movement. She was probably its most controversial member, and considered the foremost orator of her day – despite the fact that English was not her native tongue.

Rose was an outspoken proponent of women's rights, abolition, and free public education. "Emancipation from every kind of bondage is my principle," she said. She was called "the Patrick Henry of the Movement" and named by Susan B. Anthony as a pioneer of women suffrage along with Mary Wollstonecraft and Frances Wright.

Like the philosopher Hannah Arendt (1906 - 1975), Ernestine Rose did not assume that authority is truth. She understood the necessity for action based on belief: "Freedom, my friends, does not come from the clouds, like a meteor; it does not bloom in one night; it does not come without great efforts and great sacrifices; all who love liberty have to labor for it."

Dressmakers on strike, NYC, 1937.

Another laborer for liberty was Emma Goldman. Born in Russia in 1869, she left the tyranny of her father and came to the United State at the age of seventeen – only to find the tyranny of wage labor. The 1886 Haymarket Affair in Chicago (which was a labor activists' rally for the eight-hour day), and the subsequent scapegoating and hanging of four anarchists convicted on slim evidence of throwing a bomb, triggered Goldman's political awakening. Like Ernestine Rose, she was a courageous and fiery speaker. She became a midwife, an advocate of birth control and women's emancipation, a labor and prison reformer, and a journalist. An outspoken critic of anti-Semitism, what she called the "living enemy," she was a revolutionary who defined revolution as "thought carried into action."

These radical women practiced applied spirituality and courageous disobedience.

Her ideas read like comments on today's headlines. Consider her remarks on militarism (quoted in Alix Kates Shulman's *Red Emma Speaks: Selected Writings and Speeches of Emma Goldman*): "The steadily growing clamor [that] more battleships and an increased army on the ground ... guarantee a peace is as absurd as the argument that the peaceful man is he who goes well armed."

On education: "Schools teach children uniformity and imitation, break their wills and knead them into something foreign.... The modern school should be a process of 'drawing out,' not 'driving in.'"

Perhaps less charismatic than Emma Goldman and Ernestine Rose is the generation of Jewish immigrant women who became trade unionists because of the horrifying working conditions of the sweatshops of New York. They were tireless in their efforts to win a living wage and decent working conditions. As it happens, most of the women leaders of this labor movement were Jewish.

Coming as they did out of Yiddish culture, these women managed to synthesize their Jewishness with their activism. Clara Lemlich, daughter of an Orthodox Jewish scholar, after seventeen arrests and six broken ribs, called in Yiddish for a general strike which led to the famous "uprising of the twenty thousand" in 1909.

Rose Schneiderman (1882-1972) was typical of many of the young daughters who went to work to support their parents and siblings in the garment industry of the Lower East Side. Schneiderman wrote in her autobiography, *All for One*, how she would read Bible stories to her widowed mother, and how they would weep together over the story of Joseph and "the inhumanity of Joseph's brothers." As a young cap maker, she soon realized that the all male unions were ignoring the working girl, and she decided to join with other women in organizing themselves.

Rose Schneiderman speaking to a lunchtime crowd on Wall Street, New York City, 1910.

Shortly after The Triangle Shirtwaist Company fire of March 25, 1911, Rose was called on to address the huge crowd at the Metropolitan Opera House. Rose, a Russian immigrant, barely four-and-one-half feet tall, with a sixth grade education, addressed prominent New York City citizens, lawyers, civic leaders, clergymen — the standard do-gooders. This is how *The New York Times* reported Rose Schneiderman's words:

"I would be a traitor to these poor burned bodies ... if I came here to talk good fellowship ....The life of men and women is so cheap and property is so sacred.... I know from my own experience it is up to the working people to save themselves." Rose Schneiderman did not let the rich off the hook with a thank you for the meager charity offered the families of the victims. Yet she had the capacity to cross class lines and work with middle and upper class women on the so-called "Mink Brigades."

In summarizing her life, Rose said, "the labor movement was never just a way of getting higher wages. What appealed to me was the spiritual side of a great cause that created fellowship. You wanted the girl ... who worked beside you to be treated just as well as you were, and an injury to one was the concern of all."

'You wanted the girl who worked beside you to be treated just as well as you were.'

— Rose Schneiderman

In his study of the roots of Jewish radicalism in the immigrant community of Rose Schneiderman's generation, Gerald Sorin argues in *The Prophetic Minority* that "few other proletarianized groups joined radical political movements in proportions comparable to the Jews. Jewish culture, including religious values, was critical to the formation of radical consciousness."

Certainly, it is true that there were enclaves of radicalism within other groups. The Swedes have a history of socialism; the Italians were drawn to anarchism; the Catholic Worker Party of Dorothy Day is still extant. The Jewish labor activists, however, had a more fertile ground for organizing because they did not have to persuade their members to choose between political action on the one hand, and a conservative church siding with the Establishment.

Class consciousness and ethnic consciousness were not contradictory. Although they had little formal education, these Jewish workers had a very

Rose Schneiderman addressing ILGWU meeting.

Suffrage parade up Fifth Avenue, New York City, 1915.

real historical knowledge of anti-Semitism, and a tradition of independent study and learning which enabled them to see themselves as active participants in a larger historical struggle.

What is striking about the Jewish women who were in the forefront of the labor movement is they were not ashamed to be idealists. They took seriously the obligation to redress wrongs not just for themselves, but for the larger community. They were not afraid to be Jewish either.

"To be a Jew in the 20th century/Is to be offered a gift" writes the poet Muriel Rukeyser. If you refuse the gift, "wishing to be invisible, you choose/ Death of the spirit." This gift is not easy to accept. Rukeyser describes it as "torment," but a torment that is deeply rooted in Judaism, echoing the warning from the Talmud, "Who can protest and does not is an accomplice in the act." Muriel Rukeyser reminds us that in accepting this burdensome gift, one is also accepting a kind of freedom: "suffering to be free, /Daring to live for the impossible."

"Living for the impossible" appropriately describes the Jewish heroines of World War II. For a sense of solidarity and the kind of courage that staggers our imagination, the Jewish women who were resistance fighters, inside and outside the camps, are true models. In *They Fought Back: The Story of the Jewish Resistance in Nazi Europe*, Yuri Suhl offers fragments of the lives of these forgotten women: Niuta Teitelboim, a left-wing student activist, was swept up into the Warsaw ghetto and became a member of the ghetto underground. She smuggled Jews out of the ghetto, and hand grenades and weapons into the ghetto. She brazenly shot and killed a German Gestapo officer in his own office. Arrested, tortured, and killed in 1943, she did not betray her comrades.

Mala Zimetbaum worked in the prison hospital in Auschwitz and became a camp "runner." One survivor recalls, "She was a human being in the fullest sense of the word...And to be a human being in Auschwitz was no easy thing." Mala's escape from Auschwitz had great symbolic importance. She had freedom for two weeks before she was caught.

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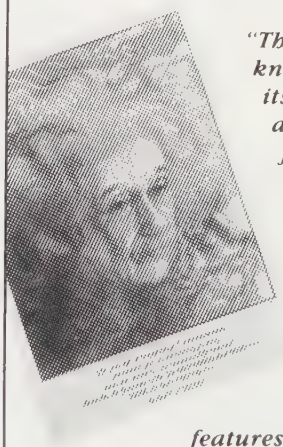

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Albert Einstein

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Rose Schneiderman (second from right) with Frances Perkins (center), Secretary of Labor, circa 1935.

'Freedom, my friends... does not come without great efforts and great sacrifices.'

— Ernestine Rose

calism of these women from their Jewishness. Indeed, it is important to remember that those first swept up and eliminated in Nazi Germany were the anarchists, socialists, and radicals. This same collective sensibility and ethos of right action can be traced, like a thread through a garment, to the political activism of the women of the Old Left of the 1930's, to the Jews who went to the South in the 50's and 60's as civil rights workers, to the anti-war activists of the 60's, to those in the 80's who lobbied against Nicaraguan Contra aid, and to the many Jewish women who oppose increasing militarism at home and abroad.

Rose Lipson is an example of this historic reach. She did not become famous – she is the aunt of one of my friends, a Communist Party member. Her father was a carpenter and trade unionist. She witnessed his labor struggles, and was told as a child never to cross a picket line, or buy from a business which was on strike. During the McCarthy era her Communist Party membership was a tightly held family secret. A Civil Rights activist, and an opponent of the Vietnam War, now nearly 80 years old, she continues to show up with her husband to demonstrate for a good cause. When asked if she still believes in these politics, she says without hesitation: "Yes, I still do. Unless people struggle together, what can an individual accomplish?" Rose Lipson might be a character in a Tillie Olsen or Grace Paley story. In telling the stories of everyday women, Olsen and Paley do not separate the women's Jewishness from their politics, nor from their feminism. They write from deep within a woman's consciousness.

In "Midrash on Happiness" Paley's character Faith lists necessities for happiness which include: "Three or four best women friends to whom she could tell every personal fact and then discuss on the widest, deepest and most hopeless level, the economy, the constant, unbeatable, cruel war economy, the slavery of the American worker to the idea of that economy, the complicity of male people in the whole structure, the dumbness of men (in-

cluding her preferred man) on this subject.... For happiness she required women to walk with."

In an interview, Grace Paley speaks about writing and politics: "To think in our tradition, early in history, Isaiah and Micah were telling people to beat their swords into ploughshares in such wonderful language. Imagine having such vision in a time of such terrible wars."

Tillie Olsen and Grace Paley are old friends. When she was a young woman, a member of the Young Communist League, Tillie Lerner Olsen had to choose between her writing and her political commitments, as she had later to balance motherhood, low paying jobs and writing. The daughter of parents who were involved in the 1905 Russian Revolution and who subsequently left Russia for Nebraska, Tillie Olsen is an expert on silences, and on what lies behind the silence.

Asked about her sense of "mission," Olsen replies that it's "not mission, but witness." It is an important distinction, and speaks to the emancipatory principles inherent in this radical tradition. Mission suggests the evangelical and individualistic; an obligation imposed by another. Witnessing, on the other hand, is a mediating process, providing channels for others to tell their own stories.

In "I Want You Women Up North to Know," a poem published in 1934 under the name Tillie Lerner, Olsen speaks of the pain and poverty of the women – Catalina, Maria, Ambrosa – who stitch "those dainty children's dresses" the women up North buy. It could be describing the working conditions Rose Schneiderman faced twenty years earlier – or just as easily the 80's global assembly line.

In the *Shape of Red: Insider/Outsider Reflections*, the scientist/activist Ruth Hubbard and the writer/activist Margaret Randall correspond about finding a place, a home in the world. Hubbard and Randall each claim a Jewish identity. Margaret Randall, whose grandparents were Jewish, connects her Judaism and her activism: "It was the persecution of the Jews, that somehow demanded I cast my lot with the oppressed." Ruth Hubbard, who left Austria with her parents shortly after the Nazis took over in 1938, writes, "I resent being considered somehow less Jewish, meaning less self-identified as Jewish than more religious Jews. Jewishness is a history as well as a set of observances and I am part of that history."

This particular history is not about conformity, but about a radical uprooting, of leaving the familiar for the unknown and of refusing to be a slave. This leaving is in pursuit of freedom, the essence of the Passover. The Israeli writer Shulamith Hareven imaginatively describes the exodus from Egypt in *The Miracle Hater* through the perspective of a nobody, a tribal outcast. The mind of this former slave understands boundaries, but in order to grasp "an immense freedom, vast beyond human measure," we must come to terms (as this character does) with the slave within us.

Olsen, Paley, Hubbard, Randall, Schneiderman and Rose remind us that the journey out of bondage is not over. It is an intellectual and spiritual journey as well as a political one, the style of which is dialogic, not dictatorial. This struggle from slavery to freedom is our own struggle.

In America this has been a decade of selfishness and narrowness of vision. More than ever, we need models. More than ever we need to evoke our prophetic tradition. After all, as Grace Paley once said, "to be related to the prophets is such an honor you could die."

Janet Zandy *is a writer interested in the writing of working class women. She teaches literature and writing at the Rochester Institute of Technology.*

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Turning

by Adrienne Rich

1.

Deadstillness over droughtlands.
Parched, the heart of the matter.
Panic among smaller animals
used to licking water from cool stones.
Over the great farms, a burning-glass
one-eyed and wild as a jack,
the corn snatched in a single afternoon
of the one-eyed jack's impassive stare.

And in that other country
of choices made by others
that country I never chose
that country of terrible leavings and returnings
in that country whose map I carry on my palm
the forests are on fire: history is on fire.

My foot drags in the foothills of two lands;
At the turn the spirit pauses
and faces the high passes:
bloodred granite, sandstone steeped in blood.
At the turn the spirit turns,
looks back — if any follow —
squints ahead — if any lead —
What would you bring along on a trek like this?
What is bringing you along?

2.

In a time of broken hands
in a broken-promised land
something happens to the right hand

Remembering a city, it forgets
flexion, gestures that danced like flames
the lifeline buried in the fist

forgets the pedlar's trinket, fine to finger and lay forth,
the scalpel's path, the tracing of the pulse
the sprinkle of salt and rip of chicken feathers

forgets the wrist's light swivel breaking bread
the matzoh crumb
fingered to secret lips in stinking fog

forgets its own ache, lying
work-stiffened, mute
on the day most like Paradise

Becomes the handle of a club
an enemy of hands
emptied of all memories but one

When the right hand forgets its cunning, what of the other?
Shall we invent its story?
Has it simply lain in trance

disowned, written-off, unemployed?
does it twitch now, finger and thumb,
does the prickle of memory race through?

When the right hand becomes the enemy of hands
what does the left hand make of their old collaboration?
Pick up the book, the pinch of salt, the matzoh-crumb,

hand, and begin to teach.

***Adrienne Rich** is active in New Jewish Agenda. she lives in California. Her new book,* Time's Power, *will be published by W.W. Norton & Co. in the spring.*

3.

Finally, we will make change. This eyeflash,
this touch, handing the drenched flyers,
these glances back at history —

riverside where harps hang from the trees,
cracked riverbed with grounded hulks,
unhealed water to cross —

leaving superstition behind —
first our own, then others' —
that barrier, that stream

where swimming against the current will become
no metaphor: this is how you land, unpurified,
winded, shivering, on the further shore

where there are only new kinds of tasks, and old:
writing with others that open letter or brief
that might — if only — we know it happens:

no sudden revelation but the slow
turn of consciousness, while every day
climbs on the back of the days before:

no new day, only a list of days,
no task you expect to see finished, but
you can't hold back from the task.

4.

A public meeting. I glance at a woman's face:
strong lines and soft, listening, a little on guard:
we have come separately, are sitting apart,
know each other in the room, have slept twelve years
in the same bed, attend now to the speaker.
Her subject is occupation, a promised land,
displacement, deracination, two peoples called Semites,
humiliation, force, women trying to speak with women,
the subject is how to break a mold of discourse,
how little by little minds change
but that they do change. We two have fought
our own battles side by side, at dawn, over supper,
our changes of mind have come
with the stir of hairs, the sound of a cracked phrase:
we have depended on something.
What then? Sex isn't enough, merely to trust
each other's inarticulate sounds,
— what then? call it mutual recognition.

5.

Whatever you are that has tracked us this far,
I never thought you were on our side,
I only thought you did not judge us.

Yet as a cell might hallucinate
the eye — intent, impassioned —
behind the lens of the microscope

so I have thought of you,
whatever you are — a mindfulness —
whatever you are: the place beyond all places,

beyond boundaries, green lines,
wire-netted walls
the place beyond documents.

Unnameable by choice.
So why am I out here, trying
to read your name in the illegible air?

— vowel washed from a stone,
solitude of no absence,
forbidden face-to-face

— trying to hang these wraiths
of syllables, breath
without echo, why?

1988

The Rituals of Death

by Betsy Kaplan

From time immemorial, it has been a Jewish duty to bury our dead properly. Jewish law requires that we show proper respect for a corpse, protect it from desecration, and ritually cleanse and dress the body for burial. A *chevra kaddisha* (burial society) is a loosely-structured group of Jewish men and women who see to it that the bodies of Jews are prepared for burial according to these rules.

Some time ago, a friend asked me if I would like to become a member of the *chevra kaddisha* being formed in Atlanta. Until then, this work was being done by an older couple about to move to Israel. The growing, committed Jewish community in our city also made the need for a *chevra kaddisha* more urgent. I immediately answered yes. I did not think too many people would respond to this call; I also thought my background as a surgeon's assistant would eliminate the squeamishness that others might feel.

At the first meeting – to everyone's surprise – there was a tremendous turnout. Rabbi David Epstein outlined the requirements and pointed out that two different groups would be needed: *shmira*, watching the body for protection against desecration; and *tahara*, the ritual purification of the body. Not surprisingly, more people volunteered for *shmira* – a far easier task – but we had enough people for both groups.

Soon after that meeting, we were called to perform this *mitzvah* for the first time. There were nine women that evening: all of us novices; all of us getting in one another's way. On the way to the funeral home, we had disguised our fears about what would transpire with lively chatter.

However, once we entered the room where the body lay, we were silent. There was death lying on the table – that mysterious, deepest fear of the unknown that reduces us all to a common humanity. The trepidation all of us felt upon entering the room where the body lay, and the complete physicality of the preparations for *tahara*, served as a remarkable contrast to the spirituality of the occasion and the emotions of everyone present.

We formed a silent circle around the covered body and our preconceived feelings of dread overcame us. Many of us were shaking, some turned white. Still there was an unmistakable peace here, in this room.

Stoneware jug used by Jewish burial societies, Moravia 1936, in collection of State Jewish Museum, Prague.

Following the training given by Rabbi Epstein and utilizing a book he had prepared, we ritually washed our hands three times, and recited the prayer of *Rachamim*, requesting kindness for the body. Some women stood on the right of the body, some on the left. Carefully, we began washing the body on the right side first through a sheet wetted down by a hose. We uncovered only the part of the body we were washing and cleansed it lovingly. We cleaned and filed the nails, removed visible dirt, bandages and other foreign matter. The body must be cleansed of anything that might come between the purifying water and the body itself.

There is a strict order to this cleaning. We started at the head: the eyes, ears, nose, mouth, and continued down the right side, then the left. When we saw the woman's face, much of our tension lightened. This elderly woman looked so peaceful, so relaxed. She seemed to have found an inner quiet which oddly calmed us.

Now she was ready for *tahara*, the actual purification by water. We cranked the table on which the body was strapped so that it was perpendicular to the floor, and placed a pan underneath. Then we poured three large pails of water over the body in immediate succession, taking care that the flow was continuous. The physical side of this procedure was almost comic — we were thoroughly soaked.

Afterwards, we lowered the table to its horizontal position and dried the body with a sheet. With a peculiar maternalism, we clothed the body in pure-white garments, each specially tied. On this table, all wear the same clothing and all are equal: male and female, rich and poor.

The meticulous care with which we performed these acts, and the time we spent with this woman, heightened our feelings of holiness. A funeral home deals with bodies; we were dealing with a person, and we felt the power of this *mitzvah* as we worked. We were calmed, humbled, hallowed. The *Shechina* — the Presence of G-d — touched each one of us so that we, too, became purified, sanctified. Was it because the *Shechina* had descended upon us? Or had we transcended our physicality to meet it? We slowly finished dressing the holy body, covered it with a sheet, and quietly exited the room.

Since that time, the *chevra kaddisha* has performed this *mitzvah* many times. If the person is known to us — and in a small community, that is often the case — we begin our work by talking about her — and — then concentrate on the actual task at hand. I helped in the *tahara* of two women who were friends of my mother, who had died many years before. Since I knew them both in life and death, I felt even more devoted to this *avodah* — a word meaning both "work and service to G-d."

Being part of a *chevra kaddisha* means performing a *mitzvah* for another Jewish woman who can never thank you: this is the greatest *mitzvah* of all. It has also given me the ultimate awareness of the link between the human and the Divine. We are sending this daughter of G-d off on her journey, from earth to her heavenly home.

Betsy Kaplan *has lived most of her life in Atlanta, where she raised four children. She is a classical pianist and a real estate agent who is about to make* aliyah.

On our way to the funeral home we disguised our fears about what would transpire.

A WEARY OPTIMIST OL

by Lilly Rivlin

I am a seventh generation Jerusalemite. Although I immigrated to the United States at the age of nine and live here now, I went back to live in Israel during the 60's. For the past twenty years, I have been involved in dialogue between Arabs and Jews. For over a decade, I have been helping Arab and Jewish women to talk to one another. As a feminist, I believed that women could carve ourselves a common space, and reach beyond borders and stereotypes.

When I first began meeting with Arab women, I saw the tale of Sarah and Hagar as a paradigm for this process. After all, Sarah was the mother of Isaac – the father of the Jewish people – and Hagar was the mother of Ishmael – the father of the Arab people. But how could I use this primal tale, with its final scene of banishment, as a symbol for a dialogue of reconciliation? Enter the feminist vision. Can women resolve conflicts differently from men? In search of answers, I began my journey.

On a fact-finding mission to the Middle East in 1975, I met feminist author Dr. Nuwel Saadawi in Cairo. The bustling crowds, packed buses, honking cars, and smell of fried foods in the city reminded me of Tel Aviv's central bus station, and I felt an additional sense of familiarity when I began talking to Saadawi. Silver-haired, flashing dark eyes: she seemed very much alive, and I felt an instant rapport between us.

We talked about the condition of village women, about clitoridectomies – including her own – and her campaign against them. We talk about her life as an independent attractive married woman, about feminism in Amer-

Hebron villagers mourn the death of a 19-year-old youth, killed earlier that day.

PEACE DIALOGUES

ica, about her novels. Before we said good-bye, I asked her to get in touch with me on her next trip to the United States.

A few years later, she was imprisoned for political activity against the government. I sent a letter with someone who was going to visit her in prison; I was relieved when she was released.

She called me on her arrival in New York in the late 70's. I rushed to meet her. Sitting on a bench near Rockefeller Center, we held hands, and recounted the details of our lives; I went to hear her speak at the U.N.

When we first met, I had not spoken of my Jerusalem roots because it was still risky for a Jerusalem-born Jew to travel to Arab countries, even on an American passport. I don't remember a particular moment of revelation, but at some point, I "came out" to Nuwel as a Zionist. Perhaps it was during a conversation about the Holocaust, when she said that Hitler's policy was motivated by his need for capital; hence he requisitioned Jewish property.

Are you justifying his policy towards the Jews, I asked. No, but she was explaining it from Hitler's perspective. I recall no other dramatic incident, but I never heard from her again.

Also in 1975, I met Raymonda Tawil, a Palestinian woman whose autobiography, *My Home My Prison*, describes her evolution as an independent woman under Israeli military rule on the West Bank. Raymonda founded the first Palestinian news agency and has since emerged as an effective, and controversial, PLO spokesperson.

On a hot summer afternoon, in Raymonda's villa on the suburban edge of Ramallah, a West Bank city lined with terraces and olive trees, I had my first long conversation (in English, French and translated Arabic) with West Bank women.

I was introduced to Raymonda's friends as an American feminist writer. The women were in their 30's, educated, and nationalists. They talked of everything ranging from the condition of women under the Israeli occupation to the difficulties facing them within Arab society.

Inshira, a divorcee, a Marxist, and a novelist told me, "In the Arab community a divorcee is like a whore. Every man thinks he can have you easily." That afternoon, these women told me how difficult it is to be a single woman in a traditional society, particularly when there are more women than men. (Many Palestinian men have left to work elsewhere.)

I left Raymonda's exhilarated. The evening confirmed that women who had been strangers hours before could transcend cultural boundaries and really talk. Still, I had no illusions. These were Palestinian women who supported the PLO, despite their private criticism of the organization. The PLO was their representative; they knew they had to place the national struggle over women's issues.

I visited Raymonda each time I went to Israel over the years. With each visit, I began to understand the crucial role that West Bank women were playing in the growing Palestinian challenge to occupation. As more restrictions were imposed on men's political activities, women's actions increased.

In 1978, on a *Ms.* magazine sponsored tour of Israel, I suggested that Raymonda Tawil address the group. This was right after the terrorist attack on a bus of civilians travelling along the Haifa-Tel Aviv coastal route. The women were shocked by Raymonda's lack of compassion for those killed in the attack, her nationalist fervor, her commitment to a Palestinian state, and her warning: if the Israelis don't respond, there will be violence.

As feminists, the participants had wished for a Palestinian spokesperson who could surmount her nationalistic identity, and refute the horror of terrorist acts. Instead, they heard an impassioned plea for nationalism reminiscent of Chairman Arafat. What was not apparent to them was that Raymonda, recognizing the reality of Israel, was calling for a two-state solution. Several of her PLO male counterparts have been killed for advocating a similar position.

In the spring of 1984, more than 100 Buddhists, Muslims, Jews, Christians, Suffis, American Indians gathered in the Sinai desert to participate in an ecumenical religious gathering. There were two Jewish feminists there — Esther Broner and myself. In a splendid display of color and costumes reminiscent of a Cecil B. DeMille movie set, rituals and prayers were offered on behalf of peace. But I found myself deeply depressed. Esther and I did not feel represented in the circle of prayer. I did not hear the sound of *women*.

We decided to make a women's ritual — a performance piece based on the theme of Sarah and Hagar. We invited two Egyptians and two Israelis to participate. Under the star-filled night below Mt. Sinai, surrounded by patriarchs past and present, we staged a dialogue

between the daughters of Sarah and Hagar. Lit by a circle of flickering candles, with music beating in the background, the women spoke of their dreams, their pains, and of their future. In that dark night, it appeared that we all communicated; and, when we said our good-byes, we promised one another that this was just a beginning. We could use love instead of violence as a way of solving conflict.

A month later, in preparation for my documentary film, "Between Sarah and Hagar," I wrote to several of the Egyptian women from the Gathering and asked if I could interview them for my film. Most did not respond. One wrote back explaining that it was not the right time politically.

I flew to Israel to begin shooting that summer, anyway. When I talked to Israeli Jews about my project, I sensed that they were angry with me. I was raising an old issue — what does the story of Sarah and Hagar have to do with the situation today? They were on the defensive: the story puts the onus of banishment on them. Judy, an Israeli Jew actively involved in Israeli-Palestinian dialogue, tried to convince me to drop the Sarah and Hagar story. "It doesn't mean the same thing to the Palestinians as it does to you," she told me. Nevertheless, I travelled to Beir Zeit University, outside Ramallah, to meet with two Palestinian women. I told one of them, if women are to effect history, we have to go back to original tribal myths, back to the root of the separation between the Arab and Jewish peoples. She told me, Palestinian women are not psychologically oriented, they won't understand your hypothesis.

Rita, one of the Arab women I spoke with, said she would not cooperate with me on the film. She had participated in a speaking tour with an Israeli Jew throughout the United States, but Sarah and Hagar had no relevance for her. Her concern is the present, she told me. It is a political situation which can only be dealt with in a political manner. Although she saw the metaphorical value of the Sarah and Hagar tale, she would not relate to it because of its biblical context. If not for the Bible, she told me, the Jews would lose their justification for being here.

My nights were very troubled. I dreamed of Sarah and Hagar, they would not speak to each other. I kept trying to bring them together, pushing them towards each other, but they didn't budge.

I don't remember the moment, but at some point I "came out" to Nuwel as a Zionist.

A week later, I met two students, Raban and Fatiah, on the terrace of a student's hangout near Beir Zeit University. I was surprised to see each of them in an *el toub* (a long black dress and head scarf). I learned that neither had been raised in an orthodox home — they had turned to fundamentalism only six months before.

I asked them: Could women be a force for peace? "Yes, but not alone," Raban answered. "They must do it with men."

Raban and Fatiah agreed to be filmed for my documentary, but as the day approached, they grew nervous and changed their minds. Since I didn't want to lose contact with them, I went to visit Raban's village without a film crew.

Raban lived in a modest stone home outside of Kalandia, a village built by refugees after 1948. After eating a feast her mother had prepared, we went into the living room, arranged in typical Arab style with chairs lined along the walls, brocaded Damascus tapestries, and photographs of either martyred male relatives or loved ones living afar.

I was not prepared for the two dozen women who suddenly filled the room. They all wore *el toubs*, but suddenly, in a flourish that reminded me of butterflies, they took these off and came into focus. The older women wore dresses of colorful prints; the younger women wore jeans and tee shirts.

Raban then announced we were going to the mosque. The women donned their *el toubs*, and once again, I was surrounded by a group of women in black. Raban and Fatiah led us through the village, down the hill to the mosque. The women's section had a separate entrance. It was connected to the men's services by a loudspeaker. Yet, as I soon found out, the women were in the mosque then not only to pray but to also to have a consciousness-raising session!

Raban usually led this women's group, but, she whispered to me, she had her period and therefore Fatiah would be the leader.

There were approximately 65 women seated on the carpeted floor. Raban asked me to go around the group and introduce myself to each woman. For a moment I was paralyzed, then, I opened up my heart. I approached each woman, looked into her eyes, shook her hand or nodded my head, and said my name. We were exchanging an emotion, without a common language.

The women began to ask one another questions. What should I do about my daughter-in-law, she shows no respect for me? What should I do about my mother, she doesn't trust me one inch, and yet I am such an honorable daughter?

At the end of the day, Fatiah, Raban and her mother walked me to the car. They gave me roses and cakes. We all cried. When I returned to the United States, I wrote them a letter and enclosed some photographs I had taken. I never heard from them again. I was moved by the experience, I learned more about the lives of Palestinian women, yet I ask myself: Is that enough? I doubt that my meeting with Raban, Fatiah and their friends advanced the cause of peace.

Although I am weary of just talk, I have learned that political dialogue is not only talking, it is listening, and hearing the other's painful truth.

Over the years, I have learned painfully not to have expectations but to keep faith that maintaining a link to the *other* is worthwhile. Because, if not, what is left? Better to exchange words than bullets or stones. Better to have dialogues than deportations.

I am no longer so optimistic about women working together to bring about peace in the Middle East. But I stay committed to this journey of dialogue with other women instead of falling into despair. I have no other choice.

Lilly Rivlin *trained as a political scientist and has worked as a journalist, writer and filmmaker for the last 25 years. She has written for major consumer magazines; her film credits include "The Tribe" and "Miriam's Daughters Now."*

Photos by James Lukoski

THE NEW POWER OF PALESTINIAN WOMEN

by Reena Bernards

One Friday, when 100 Israeli women from the group, Women In Black, gathered in Jerusalem for their weekly vigil to protest the occupation, a Palestinian woman – let's call her Amal – passed by. The sight of the silent protestors and their signs, "Enough of the Occupation," brought tears to her eyes.

"Here, there are Jewish women who leave their jobs or their children for an hour to stand in the street to protest what is being done to us," she said to me. Yet the level of personal sacrifice experienced by women in the Israeli peace movement hardly compares to that of Palestinian women living in Amal's home town on the West Bank. Several weeks later, in the middle of the night, Israeli soldiers broke into Amal's home and took her teenage son to prison.

Amal has been out of work since the start of the uprising – when the school in the refugee camp where she teaches was closed. But like other women in the occupied territories, she is actively involved in relief projects in her community.

Members of Women in Black demonstrate in Tel Aviv this summer.

A resident of the Beach refugee camp, Gaza, threatens to throw a stone at soldiers.

Since the Palestinian uprising began, Palestinian society is undergoing rapid social change. The meaning of the Arabic word *intifada* runs deep. The word literally means shaking off, the way you would shake off a mosquito on your arm or leg. The Palestinians are fighting to shake off the Israeli occupation, to achieve a Palestinian state, but they are also waging a deeper battle as they struggle with the conflict between tradition and modernity in their own community.

Many Palestinians are fundamentally rethinking what should be their best approach to education, health care and social welfare. Women are a critical component of this awakening of community spirit, and they are the key organizers of the neighborhood committees — the backbone of the uprising.

Most of the work done behind the scenes by women receives no attention in the Western media. Women might be seen pulling their sons away from Israeli soldiers; but, the *intifada* is primarily represented as the "battle of the streets," where young Palestinian men confront the Israeli military with stones and petrol bombs.

"The success of the *intifada* is due to the strength of the women," says Rita Giacaman, an ebullient, fast-talking Palestinian professor of public health at Bir Zeit University on the West Bank. She considers the uprising the best time of her life. As she points to a microscope on top of her refrigerator, she says, "I'm teaching kids on the street biology from my kitchen. It's very exciting."

Giacaman works as a public health expert with Medical Relief, an organization formed before the *intifada* began, but which has grown tremendously in the past year. Comprised mostly of female doctors, nurses and other health care professionals, the organization provides primary care to the poorest segments of the Palestinian population. In addition, its members train volunteer paramedics — mostly women — to handle emergency injuries such as broken bones and bullet wounds in people's homes.

Giacaman says that as a member of her neighborhood committee, she's been asked to take advantage of her skills. Some women use their talents to help plant community gardens; others prepare care packages for prisoners and knit sweaters for those held in administrative detention. Women's groups have prepared over 6,000 Pal-

The following are women's peace groups active in Israel:

Mapat Hashalom (Peace Cloth); c/o Barbara Swirsky, P.O.B. 36448, Tel Aviv, Tel. 615-470.
Women for Women Political Prisoners; P.O.B. 6069, Tel Aviv, Tel. 394-377.
Shani (Israeli Women Against the Occupation); c/o Lillian Moed, P.O.B. 4319, Jerusalem, Tel. 661-492.
Women in Black; P.O.B. 3742, Jerusalem, Tel. 699-870.

Some Palestinian traditionalists worry how they'll ever again "manage the children and the women."

estinians to donate blood. They used an economic boycott to successfully confront an Israeli wool factory which attempted to lay-off Palestinian women workers in the wake of the uprising.

The clandestine Unified National Leadership of the Uprising has, in fact, praised the women's role in the *intifada* in a leaflet which came out on International Women's Day. That day, Palestinian women's organizations sponsored marches in seven cities on the West Bank.

Zahera Kamal, head of the Palestine Federation of Women's Action Committees (PFWAC) says, "What you see now in terms of women's activities is the fruit of ten years of work." Kamal's organization, founded ten years ago, was the first of four feminist groups to organize women at the grassroots level. Before the uprising, these organizations concentrated on economic projects – such as a women-run biscuit factory in Gaza, childcare for working mothers, and women's vocational training. These organizations distinguished themselves from women's groups of the past, because they put equal emphasis on the struggle for women's rights and on the national struggle.

Because of the work in organizing childcare institutions, a number of the women's organizations have addressed the question: "How is the *intifada* affecting our children?" The PFWAC, for instance, organized a conference during the first months of the uprising that included panels of psychologists and educators. The Union of Palestinian Working Women's Committees also conducted a study of children, and issued a booklet with advice for parents. One version of the booklet, for non-literate people, relies on pictures to demonstrate ways to deal with a frightened child. By addressing family issues of most concern to women, Palestinian women's organizations are swelling in numbers.

There is palpable excitement among Palestinian women who have been feminists for years and who now see their ideas being accepted by a broader segment of the society.

Women began to gain confidence in themselves when only they were allowed out to buy food during curfews. "The women didn't need much longer to organize and become leaders of the street, and to be political and the social organizers of every camp," explains Mary Khass, director of the pre-school programs in the Gaza refugee camps. "As a feminist, I only pray to God that after the uprising this will go on." Some Palestinian traditionalists worry how they'll ever again "manage the children and the women" once they have been active in the *intifada*.

While some Palestinian men feel threatened by the changing role of women, Amal feels lucky that her husband supports her independence. He feels proud of her activities, and allows her to travel on her own to meetings and conferences. Amal has contacts with Israeli Jews, and finds it important to nurture those relationships as a way to maintain hope in an all consuming conflict. She regularly visits friends in West Jerusalem and Tel Aviv. Especially since the arrest of her son, she has found Israeli friends helpful in dealing with the Israeli military authorities and the courts.

Has the rise in feminist consciousness made Palestinian women more willing to work with Israeli women for peace – or more hardened? Some of the women leaders see the value of working with Israeli women. But this correlates more with increased national pride – which has equalized these encounters – rather than with increased feminist consciousness. Palestinian women are strongly in support of the *intifada*, and they seem to hold the same goals of creating a Palestinian state that Palestinian men desire.

Political contact between groups of women in the occupied territories and the women in Israel is rare, but some efforts do exist. Palestinian women cooperate with the Israeli women's group, Shani – change. Together, they discuss issues; Israeli Jewish women visit Palestinian women in community centers, homes, and hospitals. Palestinian women speak at Shani meetings in West Jerusalem. Shani women were even invited to attend a demonstration by Palestinian women in Ramallah. Palestinian women reported that when the Israeli women were present, the soldiers resisted using force against them, and did not disperse them with tear gas. One Shani activist saw a soldier raise his hand to hit a woman. She began to shout at him, "What are you doing? Don't treat her like that!" The soldier stopped what he was doing.

Some Palestinian activists express a hope that cooperation between Israeli and Palestinian women will persist as a means of furthering the peace process. One woman, Kamal, who has spent most of the past seven years under house arrest, says, "If we want our independent state, there must be real change in the Israeli streets. Contact between us (Israeli and Palestinian women) may help change the situation."

In the tumultuous Middle East, it is impossible to predict the future. But perhaps women from both communities will find a way to communicate with one another, above the noise of petrol bombs and Uzi submachine guns, and inspire their leaders to negotiate.

Reena Bernards, *project director of the Jewish Women Leader's Consultation on the Crisis in Israel, received a Levinson Foundation research grant for a project on women and international conflict, and organized an Israeli-Palestinian dialogue at the U.N. Decade for Women Forum '85 in Nairobi.*

COUNTER

The Ways a Psychotherapist Discovers She's a Jew

I am a family therapist. I am a feminist family therapist. I am a Jewish feminist family therapist. Why do my feelings and reactions change so dramatically when I read out loud, "I am a Jewish feminist family therapist"?

Because I have never thought of my religion and culture as playing a significant part in my work. Because, though I have not hidden the fact, I have never been publicly identified as a Jewish therapist. To be active as a feminist, questioning sexist biases in family therapy is one thing (and often a lonely thing); to be known additionally as a Jew, only seems to increase the isolation and marginality.

I write here about countertransference, about how my Judaism affects my reaction to clients, and subtly shapes the therapeutic process. I write with some shame, because this is the first time I have really acknowledged the Jewish part of myself as a therapist.

A trainee of mine (I train graduate students and experienced clinicians in marital and family therapy) is a young man who, through his own deeply committed quest, has become an Orthodox Jew. A *yarmulke*, bobby pinned to his hair, proclaims this. One day, I asked the trainees what each of them felt self-conscious about that might influence the therapy process. Everyone enumerated facts such as their wealth, the suicide death of a parent, being single, being too young to give advice to parents struggling with delinquent children. I do not remember the response of the young man — only that he did not mention his *yarmulke*. What I do remember was my shocked amazement. How could he ignore the obvious? How could he be so comfortable with a badge that publicly marked him, in a community that knew almost nothing about Judaism, with clients who almost always stared at the rarely-seen headpiece? Did I also feel some anger that his visible tribute to Judaism rendered my own Jewishness more visible?

A gentle, depressed, self-absorbed man sits across from me in my office. Bright and articulate, he easily wields psychological jargon that does little to alleviate his inner pain. Attractive, he is just slightly overweight. He is wonderfully emotional, a characteristic that I usually am delighted to find in men. But he focuses on his weakness, his dependence on his lovers. Under stress, he whines — even as he talks about his strong support of his fragile family. As he bemoans the fact that he feels embarrassed when he works out at a local gym, I feel both empathy and irritation.

Much as I care for him, I am impatient. Not simply as a therapist, but as a woman. And not just as a woman, but as a Jewish woman facing a Jewish man. How I wish he could retain and cultivate the sweet loyal emotional side of him, yet toughen it with aggressive self-assurance and passion.

Would I feel differently if he were not Jewish? I am just beginning to recognize that the images I carry of Jewish

by Michele Bograd

TRANSFERENCE

men and their relationships to women and family are less than flattering. Would I feel differently if I were not Jewish? The complex dance between female therapist and male client is intense, full of unexpected binds and pulls — but the added dimension of Jewishness deepens and complicates my feelings when I least expect it to.

Her accent is delicate but her personality is tough and strong. She is a survivor in every sense of the word, having fled Europe while her father was losing his life in the camps, bringing her mother to America with her. Her mother never stopped mourning, and my client dedicated her life both to her mother's unending sadness and to her own children.

Now, many years later, her youngest child has moved far away to another state and is reluctant to come home for the High Holidays. She is complaining about him — angrily describing his distance while denying that it means much to her, affirming his maturity and that he has his own life — while at the same time berating him for leaving her and the family. I testily make a comment about his need for distance, feeling she is aware only of her own loss, and not of his struggle to balance his loyalty to his mother with his wish to build a life of his own.

She and I struggle. This struggle feels uncannily personal, rather than therapeutic. I stop, all too aware of the seeds within me: I live 1700 miles away from my family, a move taken years ago out of emotional necessity as my mother and I began the difficult process of creating two adult selves in a relationship. My client's pained, angry struggle with her son activates the emotional layers of my own development and my feelings of love, loyalty, anger, fear of rejection, fear of disappointing, needing to breathe, wanting to reassure. But even as I name my feelings which are leading me into a futile struggle with her, I am unable to tame them. And it all feels so Jewish.

The couple bickers endlessly in my office. Immigrant Americans, their talk is peppered with Yiddish sayings, some of which I recognize from my childhood, others which exclude me by their unfamiliarity. The constant haranguing is comforting. I flash to a time when I was intellectually sparring with a Jewish mentor of mine during a research meeting. Our emotionally-contained New England born colleague was visibly discomforted. My mentor said, "Don't worry. This is how Jews make love."

So too with this couple. I move easily in their medium: kvetching, recriminations. But the underlying hostility also discomforts me. When I press for what fuels their anger, sadness emerges. It is not just the sadness of this moment, this marriage. It is the sadness of two Jews who carry the Holocaust with them; who carry a vision of life as dangerous and depriving; who cling to, yet resent the way they're different from others; who rail at God and can never find solace. I am overwhelmed not just as a therapist but as a Jew who empathizes with their view of the world.

I remember a male colleague working with another Holocaust couple, who broke down and began to weep in a supervision meeting — a Jew mourning Jews. Now I think, What can my therapeutic tools provide this couple?

Gradually, my shame about being a Jew begins to recede. Cliched as this may be, I feel some relief from this simple act of naming — naming a part of myself long denied.

In the midst of writing this article, I began teaching a new class. On the first day, I gave my trainees a simple exercise: "Teach us about your name. Tell us where it came from, whether you like it, its significance to you and to your family and in this class." We go around the circle, people telling funny tales and poignant stories. I am the last one. I've done this exercise many times, but this time, I say something completely new: "Listening to you, I am surprised to realize that some of your names were picked out of baby name books or because your mother liked a certain flower, or because your Dad has the same name. I am a Jew, and most Jews name children after someone real and beloved who has died. I am Michele Louise, and have the Hebrew name of Malka Leah. I am named after my father's mother and my mother's father. I have never thought much about my Jewishness until recently. Now I do not know what to think, but only that I have begun something unsettling. That will be a part of what I bring into this year and our work together."

Michele Bograd *is a psychologist in private practice in Cambridge, MA. She is core faculty member at the Kantor Family Institute in Somerville, and co-editor of* Feminist Perspectives on Wife Abuse *(Newbury Park, CA: Sage Publications, 1988).*

In Grandma's House

by Toby Joan Rosenstrauch

My grandparents' house was a huge brownstone in Williamsburg, Brooklyn. The upper two floors were rented to two rabbinical families. My grandparents and their large family (seven children still living at home) occupied the lower two floors.

In those days – the 1940's – we had no car and it took a bus and a trolley car to get to grandma's house. We (my mother and I and my baby brother who is seven years younger than I) would come there for all the major Jewish holidays, as well as many Sundays. We often came weeks before a holiday and stayed until weeks after. Momma was the only daughter, the galley slave, the one who helped grandma cook and clean. I can remember leaving for Passover with the world all gray and frosty and returning home to Boro Park, Brooklyn, to sunshine and budding trees. My mother would take me out of school for weeks on end. This – preparing for the holidays at grandma's – was more important than school.

The house had three entrances – a high front stoop with an iron railing that led to the second floor; a main level door which was reached by passing through a small fenced front yard, and the back door that lead out to a large fenced yard with a grape arbor, pear and cherry trees and wild flowers.

The main hallway had no coat closet, but large brass hooks – a whole wall of hooks – which held dozens of coats, jackets and sweaters. There were always the coats of newcomers to America in this hallway; my grandparents' home was a halfway house for immigrants – relatives, friends, *landsleit* (hometowners) – who stayed here until they got established in America. To the right of the hallway was a great dining room with a gigantic table and intricately carved dark furniture which looked like ebony. Here was the location of the largest *seders* I have ever seen. Thirty to forty people. One table added to another table added to another table – as many tables as required. I can still remember Uncle Hymie presiding over the children's section, as both instigator of mischief and policeman. Here was the room where we gathered to plod endlessly through every word in the *Haggadah* before all my cousins and I, with our voracious appetites, could get something to eat. Often the service would be interrupted by Talmudic arguments between my grandfather and one of his sons.

A narrow passageway that led from the dining room to the kitchen was lined with linen closets – they were often the source of the little surprises my grandmother had hidden away for me: an embroidered handkerchief, a colored hair ribbon, a package of fruit-filled candy.

The kitchen had a walk-in pantry, always filled with enormous pans of strudel and mandelbread, and pots – for *cholent* (Sabbath stew), for *knaidlach* (dumplings), for soup – large enough to use as baby baths. The only bathroom in the apartment was off the kitchen and had an oversized tub on clawed feet. On Friday nights, you could see lengths of pre-torn toilet paper draped over the radiator in preparation for the Sabbath. I always wondered what we would do if they had not prepared enough paper, but that never happened. At the back of the kitchen, past a closet for potatoes and onions, and up two steps, was the yard with its wooden swing big enough to seat four, and a special corner reserved for the building of a *sukkah* (harvest hut) each year. The fourth wall of the *sukkah* was the house itself so that grandma could open the window of her kitchen and pass the plates right through into the *sukkah*.

A polished wood staircase led upstairs. I can still remember my brave cousin Marilyn sliding down the smooth banister, the only one of us who ever had the guts to do it. She never got caught or spanked although we all lied to protect her when she hit her head on the metal ornament at the bottom.

There were three high-ceilinged rooms with polished mahogany doors on the second floor. The first was a room with twin beds where my brother and I often slept. On Friday nights, someone would bring a candle for us and put it on the dresser because it was already Shabbos and we could not use the lights. Left alone to sleep, we would hold hands across the gap between the beds as we watched the dwindling candle cast strange shadows on the walls. There was no bathroom on the second floor and we would not venture from our beds in the darkness, so we would lie there waiting for morning rather than go downstairs in the darkness to the bathroom.

Deborah Barrett

Here was the location of the largest seders I have ever seen.

At Grandma's house I received unconditional love.

The second bedroom was grandma and grandpa's room, with twin beds and grandpa's porcelain chamber pot.

The last room was the parlor, my favorite room in the house. It was about two-thirds the size of the entire floor. Rust damask drapes hung from the highest ceiling I had ever seen. Between the front windows was a mirror that ran from floor to ceiling with a small ledge at bottom where a child could sit. There was a sofa, several beds, easy chairs, another fireplace like the one in the dining room, a player piano, giant paintings in gold carved frames, wooden wardrobe closets to hide in, and best of all, a wind-up Victrola with strange Russian records that sounded even more strange when the Victrola needed winding. I spent a lot of time in that room.

When I tired of talking to "Crazy Irene," the gentle retarded girl on the block (it feels terribly insensitive for me to call her that today, but in those days there was no understanding of retardation – especially among small children and uneducated people), I would sing and dance in that room in front of the tall mirror and make up songs in my head. I knew nothing about music and had difficulty writing down the melodies until I devised a system of "up dots and down dots" which enabled me to remember what I composed. I tried to play the piano and spent many hours thumping away, trying to make something familiar come out. Sometimes, when cousin Janet came, we would put on the Okeh "Laughing Record" and giggle until we wept.

I attended my grandparents' Orthodox synagogue with its stained glass windows and separate sections for male and female. I paraded around with apples and candles painted on paper flags on Simchat Torah, and collected the colored tickets (yellow, blue, pink designating different seating sections) discarded as Yom Kippur drew to a close. When I was old enough, Uncle Victor presented me with my own prayer books and tickets to the High Holy Day services.

When I was about twelve, I began to rebel against religion and did not want to go to services anymore. Although I was a Talmud Torah (religious school) student, I was angry because my Hebrew education would not culminate in a *bar mitzvah.* Finally I quit. That year I said that I did not want to go to services and that they could get along without me. What difference did one more or less make, I asked.

Uncle Victor said he would buy me a ticket anyway, which got me even angrier. I felt guilty having a ticket and not using it. It does make a difference whether one comes or not, he said, because each of us is unique and cannot be replaced, a lesson I remembered in later years. Is there anything you like about it? he asked. Only the choir, I said. Then come for just that, he said. And I could not refuse him. The choir that year was superb, and when I told him that I enjoyed it, he beamed. I have gone every year since.

My memories of that house are rich with Jewish tradition, with sounds of *zmiros* (holiday songs) and grace after meals, with tastes of *knaidlach* with *griven* (cracklings) centers, Passover birthday cakes made of sponge cake with strawberries, strudel and *hamentashen.* In that house, I spent many holidays with nothing to do and amused myself reading the *Wonderland of Knowledge* and an enormous two-volume dictionary, the only English books in the house.

I remember *tashlich* (a ceremony to symbolically cast sins away) on the Williamsburg Bridge and "Uncle Money-Bags" who came to the *seder* directly from his candy store, his nickels and dimes in the two canvas sacks – the size of small supermarket bags – he carried. Usually he would go straight to the bank with his sacks (no one gave him dollar bills – he sold penny candy!). But on holidays he came immediately home.

I remember the annual Chanukah party attended by more than 50 members of the family. Great numbers of *latkes* were consumed and the children stood on lines to collect their silver dollar Chanukah gelt. One distant relative always asked for a kiss in return, because he loved all the children so much – a reason for much shy giggling – and none ever denied his request, despite the tickling gray mustache.

At Grandma's house, I received unconditional love, always. It was not that I did not get wonderful things in my parents' home, too. I did. But at Grandma's house everything was done in such an enormous way – the rooms, the tables, the furniture, the feelings, the number of people – everything was done on such a huge scale. And Grandma would sit at her table and look with great pride at the family gathered around her and say in Yiddish, *"Ale fun meyn kerper aroys gegangen* (All of you have come from my body.)"

Toby Joan Rosenstrauch *writes for both children's and women's magazines. She recently became a grandmother herself.*

KOL ISHAH

(Continued from Page 5)

REACHING OUT TO EAST GERMAN JEWS

Irene Runge, a leader of the Jewish community of East Berlin, was among the interviewees in the documentary film "Kristallnacht: The Journey from 1938 to 1988", which focused on the remaining Jewish communities in West Germany, East Germany and Austria. She also consulted for the film which was produced by the Ronald Lauder Foundation for the Public Broadcasting System.

Runge, who was born in Queens, is the daughter of German leftists who fled Europe in 1939. In 1949, when Runge was seven-years old, her parents returned to East Germany to participate in the new German Democratic Republic government.

Following what Runge describes as a "typical" East German pattern of early marriage and childbearing, Runge went on to earn a doctorate in gerontology, and has been involved over the years in studying family and work life. Her latest book, on Kristallnacht, reviews contemporary local reports of the pogrom and the milieu in which it occurred. It will be published in East Germany.

Runge, now a professor of sociology at Humboldt University, points out that each individual Jew has a personal reason for living in East Germany today. Beyond this, Runge noted, "*Not* to have a thriving Jewish community in Germany would be just what Hitler wanted."

By virtue of her academic position, Runge has been able to reach out to a second generation of Jews – adult children of survivors. This population is seeking to satisfy Jewish cultural, intellectual and affiliation needs, rather than narrowly defined ritual needs, she says. A group of about 170 people participates regularly in programs such as films, speakers, Hebrew classes, social gatherings for holidays and even cooking classes. Runge views this group, many of whom are the offspring of intermarriages, as vital to a Jewish future in East Germany.

An ambitious community project currently underway is the restoration of the Oranienburger Strasze Synagogue, which seats 5,000. Funds will come from the German government, as well as private donations, and the complex will be home to a Jewish museum, as well.

The population of Jews in East Germany is currently estimated at anywhere from 3,000 to 10,000 people.

– **Naomi Danis**

MAZEL TOV

Karen Braunstein (Oceanside, NY), **Laura Croen** (Los Angeles, CA), **Lisa Hest** (Armonk, NY), **Jodi Schechtman** (Framingham, MA), and **Linda Shepherd** (Hightstown, NJ) were invested as cantors at the Hebrew Union College School of Sacred Music in New York City.

Gertrude Elion shared the 1988 Nobel Prize in Physiology of Medicine.

Beverly N. Fray, took first place in the film category of the Anti-Defamation League's 1988 Dore Schary Awards for "The Long Walk Home," a drama about the impact of the 1955 Montgomery, AL bus boycott on a black and a white family. **Rheyna Halpern,** won first place for "Language Says It All," a documentary which explores how deaf children communicate with their families.

Sophie Masloff, became the first woman mayor of Pittsburgh, sworn in following the death of the incumbent mayor.

Dadie Perlov, executive director of the National Council of Jewish Women, has been chosen by *Ladies Home Journal* as one of America's 100 most important women.

Anne Roiphe was awarded the 1988 Harold Ribalow Prize for *Lovingkindness*, a novel.

HELPING THE HUNGRY AND HOMELESS

As the number of homeless people in this country grows, many temples and synagogues are sponsoring shelters, soup kitchens and pantries in their communities. The following is a partial listing of such efforts:

ARIZONA

Temple Beth Israel, Phoenix, (602)264-4428. Provides the home of a community member for a homeless family.
Phoenix, Scottsdale and Tempe youth groups, (602)264-4428. Send volunteers to serve a Christmas Day dinner at a local community kitchen.

CALIFORNIA

University Synagogue, Los Angeles, (213)472-1255. Project Shelter raises funds to help homeless families pay their rent. Project Chanukah gathers necessities for the homeless. Volunteers from neighboring synagogues in West Los Angeles, manage a year-round kosher food pantry.
Temple Shir Ha-Ma'alot, Newport Beach, (714)644-7203. B'nai and B'not Mitzvah donate time, gifts and money to help the needy.
Temple Sinai, Palm Desert, (619)568-9699. Collects canned food and solicits donations from local hotels.

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

Adas Israel, (202)244-6349. Runs the Anne Frank House, home to five homeless women.
Temple Micah, (202)554-3099. Volunteers drive a van serving food to homeless on the streets.

FLORIDA

Temple Beth Am, Miami, (305)667-6667. Serves sandwiches for the poor in downtown Miami.
Temple Beth El, North Bay Village, (305)861-4005. Runs the Shabbos Chessed program which feeds kosher meals to 200 people a week.
Temple Judea, Coral Gables, (305)667-5657. Prepares food and transports it to a nearby church.

GEORGIA

Temple-Hebrew Benevolent Congregation, Atlanta, (404)226-1346. Night Shelter for the Homeless provides separate sleeping quarters for twelve couples.
Congregation Shearith Israel, Atlanta, (404)892-8520. Runs a shelter for twelve women, November through March.

ILLINOIS

Northshore Congregation Israel, Glencoe, (312)835-0724. Delivers food baskets to the hungry in the Chicago area every Monday.
Chicago Federation of Temple Youth (CFTY), (312)498-0613. Collects food and clothing which are distributed throughout the city.

MARYLAND

Baltimore Hebrew Congregation, (301)764-1587. Has assisted Central American and Vietnamese refugees in securing housing, jobs, medical care and help for relatives back home. Has raised more than $20,000 for the Maryland Food Committee.
Temple Emanuel, Kensington, (301)942-2000. Youth group held a blanket drive and works at a nearby soup kitchen.

MISSISSIPPI

Beth Israel Sisterhood, Jackson, adopted a needy person as an honorary member of congregation.

MISSOURI

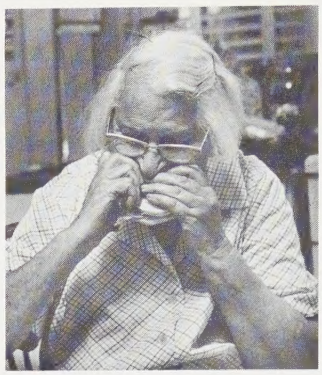
Shaare Emeth, St. Louis, (314)977-7566. Youth group won a competition by collecting over 400 cans of food.

NEVADA

Congregation Ner Tamid, Las Vegas, (702)733-6292. Youth group held a "Las Vegas Night" fundraiser for the poor in the area.

NEW JERSEY

Congregational Hospitality Network, Summit. An interfaith project involving eleven congregations in eight towns provides food and nightly shelter for fourteen people.
Temple B'nai Or, Morristown, (201)539-4539. Co-sponsors a shelter program with churches from the area.
Monmouth Reform Temple, Tinton Falls, (201)747-9365. Organized a community-wide concert to raise funds for the hungry in Monmouth County. Also established a Fund for the Homeless.
Temple Emeth, Ahavath Torah, Beth Sholom, The New Milford Jewish Center and Temple Emanuel of Englewood, Teaneck and Englewood, donate foodstuffs to needy non-Jewish local families before Pesach.


Layle Silbert

NEW YORK

National Association for the Jewish Poor, Bronx, (212)378-5865. Serve kosher breakfast and lunch to the Jewish elderly poor in the Bronx, Jamaica and Brooklyn, and meals for the homebound.
Brooklyn Heights Synagogue, Brooklyn, (718)552-2070. Runs a shelter at the temple for eight men during the winter months.
Kane Street Synagogue, Congregation Baith Israel Anshei Emes, Brooklyn. (718)768-5272. Coordinates the homeless shelter at St. Agnes Parish.
Temple Ahavath Sholom, Brooklyn, (718)769-5350. Runs a food pantry on the temple grounds.
Forest Hills Jewish Center, Forest Hills, (718)263-7000. Collects used clothes and transfers leftover food from catering facility to the Bethel Mission Soup Kitchen.
Rabbinical Seminary of America, Forest Hills, (718)894-3441. Serves meals to seniors.
Temple Beth-El, Great Neck, (516)756-1850. Volunteers assist at three nearby shelters and collect food from designated stores, restaurants and commissaries for soup kitchens in the area.
Ansche Chesed, New York, (212)663-9054. Runs a homeless shelter for single men in its building.
Central Synagogue, New York, (212)838-5122. Serves hot breakfast to 250 to 300 hungry people every Thursday and Friday. The youth group regularly provides bag lunches to the homeless at Grand Central Station.
Congregation B'nai Jeshurun, New York, (212)316-9268. Houses ten men three nights a week.
Congregation Emanu-El, New York, (212)744-1400. Sponsors a shelter at St. Francis DeSales Church.
National Council of Jewish Women, New York Section, Katherine Engel Center, (212)799-7205. Serves a weekly supper and sponsors food pantry.
Park Avenue Synagogue, New York, (212)369-2600. Runs a food pantry program.
Rodeph Sholom, New York, (212)362-8800. Runs a shelter program taking guests on a rotating schedule.
Stephen Wise Free Synagogue, New York, (212) 512-2112. Runs a shelter for the homeless in its main synagogue building that operates four nights per week, housing ten to twelve men each night.
Temple Shaaray Tefila, New York, (212)535-8008. Runs a soup kitchen weekly, feeding 100 people at a sit-down dinner.
Temple Brith Kodesh, Rochester, (716)244-7060. Regularly supports the food locker of the Lewis Street Settlement and helps staff a shelter housed in a Catholic church. Sisterhood collects clothing for the local shelter for battered women.

OHIO

Temple Ner Tamid, Euclid, (513)261-2280. Hunger Project provides hot meals for the homeless. Temple members prepare and serve meals for the homeless at St. Aloysius Church in Glenville.

PENNSYLVANIA

Temple Shalom, Levittown, (215)945-4154. Temporary shelter for the homeless in synagogue.
Knesseth Israel, Philadelphia, (215)887-8700. Runs Challenge Grants for the Homeless, which offers $500 matching grants to any church or synagogue that donates $500 to a program or shelter directly aiding the hungry and/or homeless.

TEXAS

Temple Emanu-El, Dallas, (214)368-3613. Sends youth volunteers to work at a local shelter for battered women and children.
Temple Shalom, Dallas, (214)661-1810. Youth group grows food in its own garden to be donated to a local shelter.
Dallas Jewish Coalition for the Homeless. A group of 26 synagogues and Jewish organizations runs a daycare center for children of homeless families from a nearby shelter.
Temple Beth-El, San Antonio, (512)733-9135. Conducts a Purim Hunger Fund and Food Drive to benefit the San Antonio Food Bank. Participates in the San Antonio Metropolitan Ministry which operates a night shelter for the homeless.

VIRGINIA

Beth El Hebrew Congregation, Alexandria, (703)370-9400. Youth collect blankets for the homeless.
Rodeph Sholom, Falls Church, (703)532-2217. Send volunteers once a month to a soup kitchen.

WASHINGTON

Temple B'nai Torah, Mercer Island, (206)232-7243. Serves evening meals to approximately 60 homeless people once a month at a nearby shopping center.

WISCONSIN

Congregation Emanu-El B'ne Jeshurun, Milwaukee, (414)964-4100. Together with County Department of Social Services operates Project Reunite, to proved families with temporary housing.

HOMELESSNESS CIRCA 1931

"Wretched, bewildered, homeless men, looking for work, flocked to the cities....The streets filled up like a measuring cup: a quarter full, half full, until everywhere you looked you saw shuffling, shabby men, wasted with hunger, shivering with cold, an invading army.

Though hopeless, they were not humble. They placed themselves at the doorsteps of the rich, an offense to their eyes. Their breadlines obstructed theater entrances and upset midtown merchants. They built shantytowns, called Hoovervilles, in tourist attractions like Central Park, near the reservoir, and Riverside Park, by the boat basin. Some of the rich closed their eyes; others formed charitable committees and gave generously.

But charity was no solution to a crisis of this magnitude. The cities, swamped by the new poor, had no money to feed them; people had stopped paying taxes. And the federal government refused to act.

– A description of the homeless in 1931, excerpted from Meredith Tax's new novel *Union Square* (New York: William Morrow, 1988).

Review

(Continued from Page 6)

visit to an amusement park and on a birthday visit to the opera.

We become acquainted with the Dornenwalds, Inge's family. Over the dinner table, the grandfather (played by Ed Asner) and his son-in-law (played by Stephen Macht) debate incessantly whether the Jews of Austria are indeed at risk, and whether it is necessary to make plans to escape.

In secret defiance of both sets of parents, who have forbidden the girls to see or hear from each other, Inge and Lise bravely remain steadfast friends. Finally, it is their fierce loyalty and passionate idealism that save the Dornenwald family in a suspenseful denouement.

Based on the autobiographical novel for young people, *The Devil in Vienna* by Doris Orgel (New York: Viking, 1988), "A Friendship in Vienna" is intended for family viewing.

– Naomi Danis

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WOMEN WANTED FOR STUDY. We are a group of women working on a study of female sexuality. If you identified as lesbian for 5+ years and now identify as lesbian, bisexual, or straight, and are willing to participate, call Ann at (415)664-3240 or write: Study, 1032 Irving, Box 443, San Francisco, CA 94122.

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TSENA RENA

"GO AND SEE" OR "SEEK ENLIGHTENMENT" IS THE TITLE OF THE YIDDISH-LANGUAGE TORAH FOR WOMEN, WITH THE PORTION OF THE WEEK AND FOLK TALES. TSENA-RENA WAS THE FIRST RESOURCE THAT ENABLED WOMEN TO EDUCATE THEMSELVES.

PUBLICATIONS

Before Golda: Manya Shochat, a biography written by Rachel Yanait Ben-Zvi, with an introduction by Marie Syrkin, was recently published by Biblio Press. Shochat, born in 1879, was a founder of a collective in the lower Galilee and a champion of the rights of women, workers and Arabs. The paperback ($12.95) is available from:
Biblio Press
27 West 20th Street
Room 1001
New York, NY 10011

Na'aseh Shalom: Let Us Make Peace (In Response to the Nuclear Threat) a curriculum for Jewish schools by Lyn Fine is available from:
Coalition for the Advancement of Jewish Education
468 Park Avenue South
New York, NY 10016
and
The Shalom Center
7318 Germantown Avenue
Philadelphia, PA 19119

A comprehensive activity and resource guide for Jewish teenagers concerned about homelessness and hunger has been published by the B'nai B'rith Youth Organization's Project REACH. To obtain a free copy contact:
B'nai B'rith Youth Organization
1640 Rhode Island Ave. NW
Washington, DC 20036

Medicare Made (Almost) Painless: A Reader-Friendly Guide to the Maze of Medicare is available for $4 from:
B'nai B'rith Women Central Services
1640 Rhode Island Ave. NW
Washington, DC 20036

The Vintage '45 Press Selected Booklist describing current small press works, both literary and non-fiction, relevant to mid-life and older women can be obtained by sending a legal-sized SASE to:
Selected Booklist
Vintage '45 Press
P.O. Box 266
Orinda, CA 94563

Kids Love Israel: Israel Loves Kids by Barbara Sofer, a guide to Israel geared to family travel ($11.95 plus $2 shipping and handling) is available from:
Kar-Ben Copies
6800 Tildenwood Lane
Rockville, MD 20852

The JWB Jewish Book Council has published a booklet, *Organizing a Jewish Women's Library,* by Marcia W. Posner, library consultant to the council. To obtain a copy, write to:
JWB Jewish Book Council
15 East 26th Street
New York, NY 10010

AUDIO VISUAL

"Bat Sarah: Jews by Choice" documents a group of Jews by choice who met at "Nishmat Kol Chai," the first Northwest Jewish Women's Conference, held in Dorena, Oregon. Each woman tells her unique story and the challenges she faces in her life as a Jew and a woman. The 28-minute video ($25 to individuals; $35 to organizations; plus $3 postage and handling) is available from:
Ain Sof Productions
484 Lake Park Ave. #330
Oakland, CA 94610

"Coming of Age: Adult Bat Mitzvah" is a videotape by Bonnie Burt about why women as diverse as a Holocaust survivor, a dance instructor and a great-grandmother would study for their *bat mitzvah.* It is available from:
Bonnie Burt
1081 Warfield Avenue
Oakland, CA 94610

Two new videos are available from the Student Struggle for Soviet Jewry. "Refuseniks: Who and Why" is a seven-minute "trigger" film by photographer Su Brodsky and costs $10. "Free at Last" is a 2¼-hour series of interviews in Jerusalem with recently released refuseniks and an analysis of the situation by Soviet Jewry spokesperson Yuri Stern (cost $15). The tapes may be ordered, prepaid from:
Student Struggle for Soviet Jewry
210 West 91st Street
New York, NY 10024

"Haviva Reik" is a fifteen minute VHS video about a Czech-born kibbutznik and Jewish resistance fighter, who was the only woman besides Hannah Senesh to parachute into Nazi-occupied Europe. It is available for $19.95 from:
Givat Haviva Educational Foundation, Inc.
150 Fifth Avenue
Suite 911
New York, NY 10011